Oth. I would haue him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauageneſſe out of a Beare; of so hye and plentious wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, the pitty.

Ia. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes --- cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'le not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight. *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the Duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod.

Lod. God saue the worthy Gener
Oth. With all my heart sir.
Lod. The Duke and Senators of V
Oth. I kisse the instrument of their
Des. And what's the newes good
Iag. I am very glad to see you Seig
Lod. I thanke you, how does Leiu
Iag. Liues sir.
Des. Cousen, there's falne betwee
An vnkind breach, but you shall make
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My Lord.
Oth. This faile you not to doe, as y
Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in
Is there diuision betweene thy Lord a
Des. A most vnhappy one, I woul
To attone them, for the loue I beare to
Oth. Fire and Brimstone.
Des. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wise?
Desd. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command hi
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.
Desd. By my troth, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Des. My Lord.
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How sweete *Othello*?
Oth. Diuell.
Des. I haue not deseru'd this:
Lod. My Lord, this would not be
Tho I shou'd sweare I saw't: tis very
Make her amends, she weepes.
Oth. O Diuell, Diuell,
If that the earth could teeme with w
Each drop she falls, would proue a Cr

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)